

**LOCAL BREVITIES.**

Still dry, awfully dry.  
Thanksgiving turkeys in demand.

A few flakes of snow Saturday morning.

The hunters are getting some squirrels.

Lots of logs coming to town these days.

Mr. Hart is now domiciled in the rectory.

We had a taste of genuine winter last week.

Is the drought to be prolonged until Christmas?

Thanksgiving in another week. Christmas soon be here.

Everything fresh for the Thanksgiving table can be had at Lopez Co.'s.

The Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's will meet at Mrs. Roehry's Thursday afternoon.

Autumn Festival at Workmen's Hall, Graniteville, Wednesday evening, November 25.

The hub factory resumed operations last Thursday, after being shut down a couple of months.

Geo. L. Smith tells us that our young friend, Thos. Tolleson, is prospering in the lead country.

School resumed Monday with the usual attendance. No bell for the remainder of the term, however.

It didn't look to me like "a thousand dollar parade." Did it to you? More like a thirty cent affair.

The ladies of St. Paul's Guild will give the annual bazaar, Thursday, December 10. Particulars soon.

Circuit court convenes in Reynolds county next Monday. The docket is said to be unusually large.

We learn that the Schneider Granite Co. has recently received a contract for a large number of blocks.

The thermometer registered nine degrees Sunday morning and up to seventy Tuesday. A decided change.

Reynolds county gave a Democratic majority of 510, and it is said 150 Democrats in the county failed to vote.

"Old Plantation" Quartette and Jubilee Singers at the Academy of Music, Friday night, November 20th. Hear them.

Big bargains at B. N. Brown's in ladies', misses' children's and infants' cloaks. Special price on two or more cloaks.

Mr. and Mrs. Brid Smith left this week for Lebanon, Va., to spend a few weeks visiting Mrs. Smith's parents.—*Farmington Times*.

Herman Janke's sale of personal property on Marble Creek last Saturday was well attended and everything brought fair prices.

The thermometer went down to 10 last Wednesday night. There was ice on the creeks and every place else where there was water.

No. 25 no longer stops at Bismarck for supper, and, in consequence, gets here about fifteen minutes earlier in the evening.

Lee Barger has let the contract for building a residence on his lots east of the railroad to Mr. Chas. J. Tual. The structure will cost about \$3,000.

Next Sunday being the Home Mission Anniversary of the M. E. Church, there will be a Special Mission Service Sunday evening at the M. E. Church.

Thanksgiving dinner and supper in the Academy of Music on Thanksgiving day, served by the ladies of the M. E. Church. Meals, 25 cents. Everybody invited.

John Goff is moving his family and household goods to his farm, near Glover, Iron county. He will continue as manager of the hub mill at this place.—*Centerville Outlook*.

S. P. Ringo attended the big bargain sales conducted by the St. Louis wholesale dry goods firms last week and captured a number of good things. See Lopez's ad. for particulars.

Ed. Klein, Tom McCoub, Ed. Helber, Ed. Holler and Chas. Giesing are hunting near Annapolis, Mo. They write that the first day out they succeeded in killing a deer.—*Farmington News*.

The Republicans "ratified" last Friday night. Considering all the "blowing" that was done before hand as to what a grand affair they proposed to have, it was a cheap and tame proceeding.

Miss Della Buford writes that she is most pleasantly situated in San Bernardino, California, and she thinks after this dreadful election, we had all better vote the Socialist ticket in the future.

Sheriff Marshall and Deputy Jesse Pease left Tuesday for Jefferson City with four prisoners who were sentenced to the penitentiary during the late term of circuit court, viz.: Wm. Borders, five years for arson and five years for burglary; Wm. Persons, five years for burglary; Chas. Jones and Clark Stringer, highway robbery, eight years each.

Mr. Delano vigorously opposes the statement that we are as dry this fall as we were in 1901. He says that we have this year had almost twice as much rain as we had in the entire year of 1901.

A couple of revenue men were in town last week, evidently bent on finding out if any one here was selling liquor without paying Uncle Sam's tax. We do not think that they discovered very much.

Rev. J. M. Huber, who has been stationed at Advance in Stoddard county for a couple of years past, has recently been transferred to some parish north of St. Louis. We wish him well in his new field.

H. B. Jones is home from his trip to Arkansas. Harry says he found things down there in good shape. The price of cotton is only moderate, but there is a fair crop and it is being rapidly marketed.

In the county court proceedings published last week appeared: "J. F. Thompson, lumber for road district No. 19, \$500." It should have been \$5.00. The omission of a little period sometime makes a vast difference.

We are told that Paulus, Republican candidate for Judge of the western district, was so certain of being elected he had already appointed his road overseer for Bellevue. Guess the fellow won't take the trouble to fill his bond, though.

The Iron County Teachers' Association was in session at the school house in Ironton, Thursday, Friday and Saturday last. About thirty-five of the county's teachers were in attendance. An interesting programme had been arranged and the sessions were instructive and profitable.

Mr. Randall Adams, a pleasing young man from Goodland, called at the REGISTER office last Friday to deny the report that there was any illegal voting at the Henderson precinct in the recent election. But people who know just as much about the situation as Mr. Adams inform us that there was fraudulent voting at that precinct and a mighty effort is going to be made to land the guilty parties in the penitentiary.

L. A. McKee and Pate Pippin had quite a vigorous fight in front of McKee's home on Shepherd street Tuesday morning. After a while the combatants were separated. Pippin's head was bloody, the result of a blow with a club, wielded Pippin says, by Mrs. McKee, when her husband called for aid. Pippin was also cut in the back with a knife. The fight was over some business matters, McKee and Pippin having formerly been in the saw mill business together.

County Commissioner Geo. L. Smith was over from St. Francois county last week to attend the Teachers' Association. George says he served as a judge in the recent election over there. His duty was to make out ballots for those who were unable to do so for themselves. He says he was called on to make out thirty-five or forty ballots for illiterate Republicans where but one Democrat asked him to make out his ticket. George is wondering why the Republicans call theirs the party of "Intelligence." Other people have often wondered the same thing.

For the edification and information of the ultra prohibitionist (?) Republicans who make their home hereabout the following is reproduced from the *Post-Dispatch*'s account of the big Hadley banquet given in St. Louis last Saturday night: "For while, as had been announced, there was no wine at the banquet, beer flowed without stint, and two well known St. Louis brands were distributed impartially, while drinking water was as scarce as in midocean. There was not a water pitcher in sight at the center of the speakers' table and Mr. Hadley sipped sparingly of the choice products of the brewer's art with which Chairman Howe, sitting at his left, kept his glass filled."

It is said that one lone "cock-tail" knocked Fairbank out of the Presidency. What will all this beer do for Hadley?

Mr. W. R. Edgar Thursday morning received word of the death of his son-in-law, Lieut. Anton Jurich, in the military hospital in San Francisco Tuesday night previous. The deceased had been in poor health for nearly a year and the announcement was not a surprise. On his return from the Philippines last February Lieut. Jurich underwent an operation necessitated by a wound he received in the Spanish-American war. Blood poisoning resulted and other complications followed. W. R. Edgar, Jr., was on his way to San Francisco when the notice of death was received. The funeral took place in San Francisco. The deceased was thirty years of age. He volunteered in the Spanish war and was promoted from the ranks. He was a good soldier and an honorable man. To the bereaved widow the REGISTER extends its condolence.

The Republican says some Democrats are charging fraud in the election at Silgo, and threatening contests, but that the charges are frivolous and groundless. It is probable that the editor of the *Republican* has learned by this time that Prosecuting Attorney Stephens and Sheriff Roberts have unearthed enough crookedness at Silgo and Springer's to justify them in arresting six men for illegal voting at those precincts, and that they gave bonds of \$1,000 each for their appearance for preliminary trial next Wednesday before Squire Epstein of this city. Their names are: Dolph Greenwalt, Samuel Gamblin, Sherman Linde, Henry Stokes, John Gamblin and Henry Gamblin. Other arrests are to follow. Let no guilty man escape.—*Salem Monitor*.

About the same crooked work

was done at Henderson in the west end of this county. As it is not so far from Dent county, perhaps the same "master hand" figured in both places. And some body is going to the penitentiary for the dirty work in Iron county.

Putting aside, with an iron will, my fears for the untowardness of the time—it was Friday, 13th—I broke away from home surroundings and heroically boarded the 8:44 A. M. train for St. Louis. Several other Irontonians—in forgetfulness of the day, no doubt—attended me on the journey to the metropolis, some of them with the inducement of a banquet and other felicitative doings at the north end of the line. No such gladness awaited me there; for some unexpected cause, Mr. Howe had omitted me in his list of invitations. It may be he thought his 2400 gallons of soup could offer no inducement to one already plunged in the depths of the tureen. At any rate, along with the colored brother, there was no plate ticketed for me at his hospitable board, and any man who says or intimates that the Coliseum Saturday evening was the objective point of my journey is of fertile imagination as well as of flexible veracity! No. 28 came along promptly on time, halted, took us in, and proceeded on its way, and ran into Union Station a little after midday. The ride to the city was about as uncomfortable as my experience of later years can parallel. The coach was cold—I wore my overcoat all the way—and positively filthy. It was a chair car, too, well placarded with "notices" signed by the State Board of Health, alleging pains and penalties to him who spits upon the floor. Yet there is not a cuspidor anywhere, and he whose inner organism calls upon him to expel it, as the boys say, "in a deuce of a fix!" The State Board of Health at one elbow and—to use an Irishism—a broad chial affection on the other! Lord, Lord! I am led to wonder how our forebears managed to put through in the absence of the Medical Boards, the Health Boards, the Pure Food Boards, etc., which environ, muzzle and numerically protect their descendants. What misdeeds those progenitors would be if recalled to the pale glimpses of the moon! I opine they would cheerfully return to the narrow confines which gave them rest and fenced their persons from meddling official supervision. But it isn't nice to spit on the floor, and the elimination of the cuspidor is pleasant to the colored gentleman in whose charge they used to be given at the end of the run. As to the necessity and comfort of the wayfarer who pays for them—these are scarcely worthy of consideration; he is but a means to the end of contributing to the coffers of those having him in charge. Even his "kicking" will soon be properly designated high treason. Although politically on the outside I had a pretty good time in the city. When I landed the calls from my inner consciousness for sustenance were loud and incessant. I had breakfasted early and sparingly. (Who makes a full meal on the eve of a journey with his "grip" but half-packed and the women folks advising, admonishing and giving him repeated mental memoranda of things to be done and articles procured?) But I held the ardor of my appetite in check until a three days' stubble had been mown from my classic countenance and the summer Valley dust brushed from my shoes and clothes. Then, at last, I blest myself with a repast that made life worth the living and the world fair to look upon. The bill settled and the waiter slightly tipped, my business at the Terminal was concluded, and "down town" and then about seven miles north of "down town"—all for a measly nickel—I was "earthed," because nation. I say "earthed," because those familiar with the city verify my own conception that the direction was really north. Otherwise, I wouldn't venture to assert, for once I get aboard a street-car I know no other point of the compass: it is always north. The twists and turns of the route for the moment disarranges things, but the turn made and the straight-forward movement begun, it is true to the north as the polar star. This sensation is sometimes not reassuring when one feels that his intended destination lies in an other direction. But faith comes, calms the nerves, and is usually justified by the result. In this instance, however, I was carried a block further than I had bargained for, but I didn't mind it, for, if I had to foot it back I had got just that much more ride for my nickel. The monopoly and I were quits on the deal. The innocent from the country isn't always bested. My lodgings being near O'Fallon Park, I took in that city playground Sunday morning. It contains over 250 acres of lawn and primeval forest, interspersed with ravines and gullies. A six-acre lake of man's fashioning embellishes the grounds—big enough to look pretty and not deep enough to drown! But the most noticeable features of the park are the heroic statues that are gone, leaving only the foundations upon which they were placed. They were donations from the late World's Fair and no doubt did once adorn and instruct. I think one of them was denominated "The Sioux Defying the East," or something of like import. But he no longer defies and I take it that he and the noble steed he bestrode are returned to their primitive elements. At all events, the place that once knew them knows them no more, I regret to say. The park people have made flower-pots of the pedestals, but the change is not a happy one, to my notion, especially when Winter rules and ice imprisons the lake. The proportions of pot and flowers do not "postpone." The grounds were in former days the domain of Col. John O'Fallon,

and the spot whereon stood the family mansion was shown me. It commands a view for miles up and down the Mississippi river, and it is said on a clear day the city of Alton, Illinois, 25 miles away, is discernible with a good field-glass. It is an ideal location, and it is not hard to conceive of the love and pride in which the estate was held by its owner. May his soul rest in peace and his memory be hallowed by the beneficiaries of his gift for all time to come! My return to Ironton was made Sunday afternoon, along with several friends and acquaintances, as well as a complement of strangers. The faces of some of them shone with jubilation and self-satisfaction, while the brows of others were seemingly wrinkled with weight of care and disappointment. Their political distinguishment needed no label. At Riverside Mr. Aug. Trauernicht, agent at that place, added himself to our number. His better-half had gone to Bismarck to spend the Sunday, and August, learning that No. 8 was several hours behind time, determined to run down to the Junction Town, talk with the home-folk an hour or so, maybe get a bite to eat, and then return with the wife to De Soto, where they are domiciled. After passing De Soto Mr. T. learned that No. 8 was making up time and it bothered him. Supposing that train beat us to Bismarck? Mrs. August would be speeding home-ward while her illog lord and master (I call him so jocularly, ladies!) would be stranded for the night at Bismarck! And the keys to the household in his pocket! I tried to cheer him, and think I succeeded in some degree, with the fact, that according to my long and varied experience, trains rarely made up lost time, but, on the contrary, almost uniformly added to their lagging hours ere their course was run. In this instance his anxiety—as are most of our worries by anticipation—was without due warrant. Our train side-tracked at Middlebrook for No. 8, and my young friend had almost an hour with the old folks before the signal sounded for him to take his way with the wife northward and homeward. I feel that my trip, to be almost without incident, is over-honored in this long-drawn-out account of trivialities. But the reader will please remember that to a "punkin roller," as we of the country are sometimes defined and designated, a journey to the city is no small affair.

P. S.—A substantial reward to the genius who shall invent a system that will relegate to the past, grips, suit-cases and other way-faring impedimenta.

Do not forget to see the underwear at B. N. Brown's. Some big bargains.

**PERSONAL.**

J. Hummel was in St. Louis last week.

B. N. Brown was in St. Louis last week.

John Moore is visiting his uncle at Brunot.

W. T. Gay and wife went to St. Louis last week.

W. P. Pippin has removed from Ironton to Edge Hill.

H. R. Polak and wife of De Soto visited Ironton relatives last week.

H. M. Collins has returned from a visit to his mother in Steelville, Mo.

Barney Frauenthal and family of St. Louis spent Sunday in Ironton.

Mann Ringo attended a banker's meeting at Poplar Bluff last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McBride leave Thursday for a two months' trip to Old Mexico.

Mr. D. Meyers left Tuesday on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Wells, in Warren, Arkansas.

Leo Barger is home from Pine Bluff, Ark., being no longer in the employ of the Cotton Belt railroad.

W. T. Gay, T. T. Baldwin and Dr. Gay attended the Republican banquet in St. Louis Saturday night.

Mrs. Aug. Trauernicht of De Soto was in Ironton several days of the past week visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. M. A. Dike left Monday for her home in Bunker Hill, Ill., after a two weeks' visit with her son, John F. Dike.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kendal and daughter and Miss Irene Mochlin of De Soto were the guests of Mrs. H. N. Beird last week.

Genuine New Orleans southern plantation molasses. Try a gallon and you will want more.

LOPEZ STORE CO.

**Des Are Items.**

We are having a little winter. This beautiful Sunday, while the young are having their pleasure, there is one sad home in our community. Wm. Smith, son of John Smith, died Saturday at 3 o'clock. He had been sick about three weeks with that dreadful disease, typhoid pneumonia. Drs. Jones and Toney did all they could for him. He held out so long that we thought he would recover. But, alas! it was the Master's will that he should go. One consolation: he was ready for the call. Interment occurred Sunday at King's graveyard. He leaves a young widow, father, mother, two brothers, and three sisters to mourn his loss.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Schmidt, daughter of Judge L. L. Schmidt, to Mr. Al Wallis, of Des Are, took place at their home in the country Sunday, Rev. Strother officiating. We wish them much happiness.

A force of miners from Flat River will clean out the old mines here which have not been worked for over forty years. They have steam power to hoist the dirt and pump the water out. Several tons of lead have been taken out of these mines. ISAAC.

**Annapolis News.**

Finding that Annapolis "Bulletin" was recognized in last week's REGISTER, here I am again.

A. J. Hurrell made a trip to Ironton and back to-day. Also Chester Stevenson made his return, after three days' sojourn in Ironton. He must have his eyes on some pretty Ironton blond.

Quite a crowd from Annapolis will be in attendance on Squire Rasche's court in Ironton next Thursday in the case of State vs. Frank Beckner, on a peace bond.

John S. Benson returned from St. Louis to-day.

Thirty-one cars of ties were loaded out of here by Ed and Buck Summers this week. Each car averaged 375 ties. Seven whites men and fourteen negroes did the loading. A number of switch ties were loaded—some of them sixteen feet long, and they were handled with ease by one man. That may look big to some people, but it can be proven to be true.

Chas. H. Williams will take up school in the new school house next Tuesday. Many say they will not be able to send because they cannot get the new books.

Sufficient rain has fallen to put the fire out in the forests.

T. P. Fitz is now on the war path for hubs, and if he can get cars will load about three cars with timber that has been cut the yard here for the past four months. Prosperity is now advancing in some portions of the United States. It is like a shower of rain. It is not apt to hit every place, and this is likely to be the place that it will touch.

Well, would like to hear how H. Holland, Tony Roehry and Steve Tullock are making it about the dead cat. Steve, I believe the joke is on you as Harry was innocent in what he done and you had the job of packing and re-packing the cat. Harry says "the cat came back," and so, between them, they had Steve packing a dead cat all day.

I am sorry to hear of Frank Buckner being confined in jail and hope he will secure bond in the near future and command his brewery in a most intelligent way. But the best a man can do in that kind of business he is sure to catch some hard customer and get the worst of it.

James Stiner's boy died at Bonne Terre and will be brought here to the Annapolis cemetery to be laid to rest to-morrow. The child's name was Louise E. Stiner, aged five years. Mr. and Mrs. Stiner lost a child about four months ago. They have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement. May God bless all their family and give them better luck.

Old Aunt Polly Ann Brower died this morning with cancer in the face. She lived with her step-daughter, Emily Johnson, about five miles west of Annapolis, and was the mother of Green Brewer, who now lives in De Soto. She suffered ten thousand deaths in the past ten years. May she rest in peace!

E. H. Sawyer, of Roadhouse, Illinois, is here to-day to look after his farm and timber interests, west of Annapolis. His renter having seen and heard so many ghosts the past summer, moved away last week and left the farm to take care of itself.

**BULLETIN.**

**Middlebrook Items.**

Having received a black eye Thursday after the election we were unable to write any items last week.

Mrs. John Sandman went to Bismarck Wednesday last week.

Miss Marie Rodach went to Farmington one day last week.

Dr. F. Trauernicht and wife, of Ironton, visited relatives here Sunday.

Fred Hoffman, of St. Louis, got on 22 here Friday en route home.

Mrs. Otto Miller went to Ironton Friday.

Mrs. William Kness went to Bismarck Friday.

Mrs. August Trauernicht visited relatives here this week.

Gentry Ferguson went to Ironton Saturday.

Thomas Hill went to Ironton and Arcadia Saturday.

SCRIBBLER.

**Have One Doctor**

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.



Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, no matter how old you are, will keep you free from biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

**NOTICE OF LETTERS.**

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the estate of Richard Hartnoll, late of Iron county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, Wm. Trauernicht, by the Judge of the Probate Court of the County of Iron, hearing date the 26th day of October, 1908. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance, within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefits of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the time of the publication of this notice, they will be forever barred.

November 10, 1908.

WILLIAM TRAVERNIGHT, Executor.



John Adams  
Second President of the United States.

HERE we have a Puritan—a man of stern and unbending rectitude—of generous and truly heroic temperament.

Descended from a pious God-fearing New England family of Pilgrims and Pioneers (who were for generations brewers, maltsters, barley and hop growers) he became the mouthpiece of the Revolution—the terror of tyrants—a colossus in debate—and diplomatically more than a match for Pitt and Talleyrand.

I would rather die than be dictated to—this sentence accurately describes the stubborn spirit of this valiant old patriot whom all England could not govern.

John Adams, even as his fathers before him, nourished mind and body on health-giving barley beer, and died at 91 (21 years beyond the scriptural span) enjoying all of his mental powers to the last.

Familiar Letters—Riverside Press, N. Y., 1776, pages 22, 43, 46, 47, 70, 112, 220, 277.

Life and works of his son, John Quincy Adams, Vol. 1, pages 6, 8, 9, 11, etc.

A letter to his wife, Abigail, Nov. 22, 1777, says: "I would give \$5.00 for a gallon of your beer."

**Budweiser**

THE most popular beer in the world. There is less profit to the dealer who sells it, because it costs more money at the brewery than any other beer made. A royal brew of malt and hops whose absolute sovereignty has never been challenged. Unquestionably—

**THE KING OF ALL BOTTLED BEERS**

Bottled only at the  
ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY  
St. Louis, Mo.

BUDWEISER served everywhere, at all first-class hotels, clubs, cafes and bars.

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For All Leading Magazines and Periodicals Received.... All Orders Sent Off the Same Day They are Received.

ANY CLUB ORDER DUPLICATED.

FRESH MAGAZINES Arriving Daily. For Sale at News Stand.

Woman's Home Companion

now ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Will be \$1.25 after Jan. 1st. Subscribe now!

DELINEATOR, \$1.00

Subscribe before Dec. 1st, and secure November and December Numbers Free.

DESIGNER, 50 CTS. Subscribe before Dec. 1st, and get Nov. and Dec. Numbers Free.

ANY \$1.50 BOOK ORDERED FOR \$1.25.

Mrs. Louis Miller, Newsdealer, Arcadia, Mo.

Located in Arcadia Store Co. Bdg. Phone 23.

**The Ironton Meat Market**

F. O. CODDING, Proprietor.

(SUCCESSOR TO JOHN NAGEL.)

Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Ham, Bacon, Corned Beef, Tongues, Lard, Etc.

Fish and Oysters Friday. 'Phone No. 20. Cash Paid for Poultry And Hides

SPECIAL—Men's good, warm, fleece-lined underwear, 45c a garment, \$5c a suit at B. N. Brown's.

Weather Report.  
Meteorological report of Voluntary Observer at Ironton, Iron county, Mo., for the week ending Tuesday, November 17, 1908:

Days of Week.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Precipitation.
Wednesday.....	11 45	27	.10
Thursday.....	12 46	10	
Friday.....	13 40	21	
Saturday.....	14 38	13	T
Sunday.....	15 53	9	
Monday.....	16 54	21	
Tuesday.....	17 70	22	